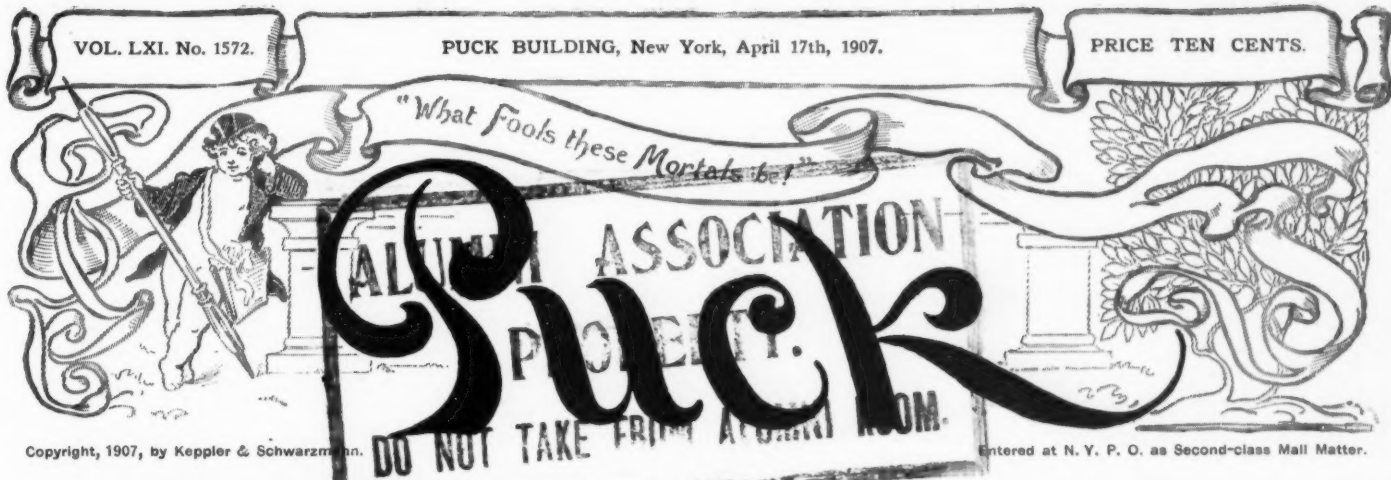


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PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 17th, 1907.

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"HE LOVES ME!"



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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

WILL NOT Chancellor Day stand up and say a good thing for Harriman. Why this silence, Chance?

THE Hon. Champ Clark is much shocked to learn that the Republicans used so much money in the last Presidential battle. All the Democrats used was what they could get.



THE BIG STICK.

IN MOMENTS OF RELAXATION.

PERHAPS, if he were alive now, Henry Clay would say it in this manner: "I would rather be a deliberate and unqualified falsifier than be President."

REMARKS MR. BRYAN: "We have known for months that there was a conspiracy in the Republican party." Does Mr. Bryan use the word "we" as an editor or as the traveling companion of a tapeworm?

MGR. MONTAGNINI is credited with the statement, that "President Roosevelt, after all, is a freethinker." The which is no idle day dream. The freedom and flexibility

of Theodore's thinker is nothing short of amazing. He can think of two things at once, one of which usually contradicts the other. For example, Mr. Roosevelt can think that the special privileges which have erected the Standard Oil monster are evil things, and he can think synchronously that a ship subsidy is a good thing.

ONE THING is certain: it is going to be a mighty interesting presidential campaign.

HARRIMAN advises the sensational newspapers that they will overdo the market, as the Wall Street speculators do. Some of them passed that point long ago. There is not a single shock left in Hearst's biggest type and reddest ink, and Brisbane's brainstormers are but tea-cup tempests.

"I HAVE done my share of kicking. God bless the kicker!"
—Joseph G. Cannon.

Except the tariff kicker, eh? The Speaker is certainly a hot air specialist.

AGAIN BRYAN: "You may search Taft's record in vain for a word or act of reform." Now, on the contrary, take Mr. Bryan's record!

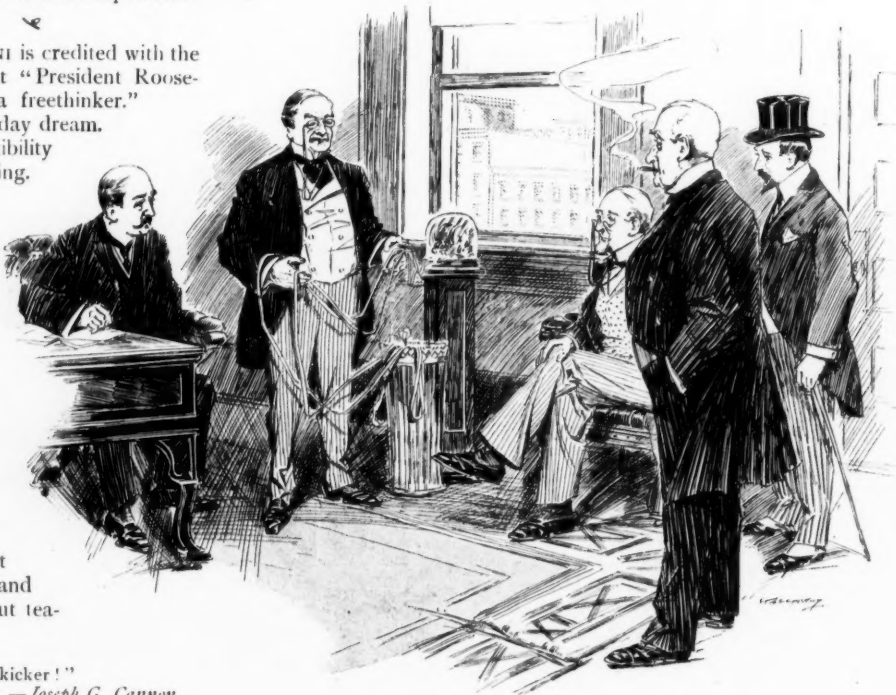
THE BEAUTIES of poverty were not apparent to one Andrew Carnegie until comparatively recent times. Otherwise, he might have urged Congress unceasingly to remove the tariff on steel.

LESLIE M. SHAW makes the astonishing statement that we are overdoing our world-famous prosperity, and advises slowing down. Leslie must be losing his mind. It is sad to see a brain blizzard sweeping over such a wonderful head.

THE ARROGANCE and moral obliquity which brought on the French revolution differ only in kind from the arrogance and moral obliquity of the "vested interests" of this country at the present day. A day of reckoning is inevitable.

A LONDON statistician asserts that a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's. He doesn't say why.—*Chicago Post*.

Excess of gray matter, of course.



TO AVERT COLLISIONS.

RAIL ROAD PRESIDENT (to Board of Directors).—As Mr. Harriman says, the next ten years will witness tremendous strides in railroading. Our road is in line with the forward movement. Hereafter all our stock-tickers will be double-taped.

COLLEGE LIFE IDEALIZED.



"OUR BEST SOCIETY."

GOVERNESS (in *Smart Set* family).—Why, how loving you children are! Such affection between brother and sister is delightful to see.

CLIVE.—Yes'm. We're playin' grown-ups. I'm the husband an' Barbara she's the maid.

PRINCETON, N. J.—The Faculty has suspended Swiper, first base on the 'varsity nine, and the entire student body is much depressed in consequence. Swiper has had a condition in batting since last Spring and at one time gave promise of working it off. His recent hitting, however, has been Texas Leagueish in the extreme, and the Faculty really had no choice in the matter. Suspension was inevitable. Swiper will not be allowed to attend recitations or lectures until he makes up his base ball. He must hit in the 250 class, or better, before the Faculty will relent.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Charley Horseley, substitute infielder on the second nine, and Yale's best debater, left to-night for Cambridge with the other members of the debating team, but he will not know till to-morrow whether he will be allowed to compete against Harvard. This afternoon he took a special examination in handling grounders, in which subject he has been deficient, and he will be notified by wire to-night if he has passed. The debating team feels that without Horseley it will be hopelessly crippled. About the campus, the Faculty's drastic action has aroused unusual resentment.



OPEN HEIR EXERCISE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Several members of the senior class are said to be in grave danger of missing their degrees in June, owing to their extremely low standing in base ball. All stand high in their classes; one, it is said, being in line for the valedictory, but no names have been given out as yet. On the authority of a man very close to the Dean, it may be stated that one of the men is Speedemup, the 'varsity pitcher. Speedemup's work in the box this spring has been very unsatisfactory. His curves break badly and he has none of his old time speed. His instructors have urged him repeatedly to better effort, warning him not to let class-room work interfere with his pitching, but seemingly without result. Should the worst come, however, Speedemup might yet be able to get his degree by playing base ball, hard, all summer and coming up for a special exam in September. This was done two years ago in the case of Spikerton, who flunked in sacrifice hitting.



IN PREHISTORIC IRELAND.

FROM A SKETCH BY PROFESSOR O'DINOSAUR OF KILLARNEY UNIVERSITY.

PUCK



A BAD BREAK.

The lady missionary to India sat up in bed, with a spiteful jerk. "You are a man-eater?" she said, looking the tiger severely in the face. "I am," replied the beast, licking his chops with as horrid unction as he could summon. "Well, I declare to goodness!" cried the lady missionary. "What ever led you to suppose there was a man here? Scat!" "But, madame —" "Not a word, sir!" Of course the tiger had meant no disrespect, but inasmuch as the lady missionary would listen to nothing, and covered up her head withal, it was only left to him to slink away.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF OIL.

THE WORTHY delegates to the Annual Convention of the Federated Federation of Labor Unions sat in solemn conclave in the Senate Chamber, at Washington. It had been loaned them for the purpose. President Finnerty, of the Amalgamated Package Wrappers, occupied the chair. He was vainly trying to quell the storm of cheers that had followed the report of the Hon. Heinrich Bierheister, of the Stamp-lickers' Union, which had but lately secured the passage of a law closing the mails against all letters not stamped by a union stamp-licker. At last, the applause died down; and Mr. Finnerty moved his feet from the desk of the Vice-President of the United States to the floor, and stood upon them.

"Fellow workingmen!" he cried. "Fellow victims of oppression! As ye doubtless know, our principal purpose for meetin' here to-day is to devise ways an' means fer fightin' that monsther av iniquity, th' Oil Thrust. (Cheers). We are in its clutches! (Groans, also hiccoughs from the Recording Secretary). We might boycott an' sympathetic strike it out av existence, but that won't do. We must manage to fight th' thrusts widout destroyin' thim; fer if they was wiped out, we would lose th' greatest enemies av th' workin' man; an' if we lost our enemies intoirely, we'd git no more sympathy—an' thin

where would we be? So let us fight th' octypus, but fight it intelligently; fer, so long as we are buckin' some other oppriser av th' people, th' chances are that th' people won't get wise to us. (Frantic cheers, with accompaniment of snores from the Recording Secretary). Now, if there is no more unfinished bizness, we will proceed to considher some new an' up-to-date methods av combatin' th' ruthless greed av th' Oil Thrust."

At this moment, however, Mr. Killem Scandolph Worst, editor of the Yellow Yeller, who had volunteered to serve the Convention as doorkeeper, approached the chair on his hands and knees, and announced that the representative of a new Union sought admission to the conference. The Vice-President of the Federation, who was also Business Agent of the Whisker Trimmer's Union, was sent to meet the new comer; and presently returned leading the candidate.

"Who are ye, an' what d'ye want?" inquired the President.

"Peace be with you, brother," sighed the latest arrival, a sleek, lugubrious individual, chiefly remarkable for his long, golden hair, which hung to his shoulders. "I am the Rev. Rocky de Johnfeller, Apostolic Delegate of the Amalgamated Order of Oil-handlers."

"You-a lie!" screamed the delegate who represented the Peanutseller's. "You ar-a da President of da Oil-a Trust!"

"Nay, friend," said the Rev. Johnfeller, gently, "you are mistaken. There was a time when my feet knew not the paths of righteousness, though I have always striven to tread the ways of light. But lo! the hosts of the ungodly have com-



AT THE CELESTIAL TURNSTILE.

ST. PETER.—Nay, nay! Thou knowest what is written—that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom.

COHENSTEIN.—But—so help me!—efery cendt vos in my wife's name!

It's a good thing to have an enemy—it proves you're doing something.

PUNCTURED PASSION; OR, STUCK WITH A STICK PIN.



passed me round about and with the big stick have I been sorely smitten. The Peepul are gunning for the Trusts, so we have e'en repented and banded ourselves into a Union, that we may still continue to do business with them that walk in darkness."

"Cut it out!" commanded Mr. Finnerty. "Ye're thryin' to bullcon th' workin' man, an' we don't want yez around. Skiddo!"

"But I demand admission," murmured the Oil-handler.

"Go to hell," replied Mr. Finnerty, who was a specialist in neat repartee.

"Impossible," he answered, with a beautiful gleam of confidence in one eye and the hint of a wink in the other. "For behold, I have given of my substance unto the glorious cause of football and learning, and have never robbed the widow or orphan of more than they possessed. Furthermore, I am now the head of a most beautiful Union, which has, as its object, the uplifting of the people; that is to say, of the people connected with it."

"An' are ye goin' to stop oppressin' th' people?"

"Yea verily. We have cast behind us the ways of evil, and will endeavor, hereafter, to live according to the glorious principles

which your Federation has set forth. We have joined together for the common good of all who handle oil, and for the destruction of those scabs who are not members of our Union. In order that the industry may not become overcrowded, we have decided strictly to limit the number of apprentices. We are now engaged in prosecuting a strike against the people of Kansas, who declared for the open shop. And, since we have the power to do so, we will get the highest possible price for our labor—I mean, product, regardless of any temporary inconvenience that may be suffered by those who are paying us."

"Sorr," said Mr. Finnerty, "I apologize. When furst ye entered this hall, I misundherstood ye, but now I am th' furst to extind th' hand av wilcome to one who has so intilligintly vindycated th' prnciples of unionism. Fellow workers," he continued, turning toward the cheering assemblage, "inasmuch as our purpose fer meetin' here is now null an' void, I would be glad to hear a motion that we turn this meetin' into a reception in honor av our new member. It is moved an' seconded. All in favor, answer 'Aya'. Carried unanimously."

Gordon Wilson.



AFTER THE SQUEEZE.

THE BRIDGE WHIST INTERESTS APPEALING TO SECRETARY CORTELYOU TO RELIEVE THE SITUATION.

PUCK

THE "CHEER UP" SCHOOL OF POETRY.

*THIS is the way of the cheerful lay as chirped by the sunshine bard.
He writes a lot of this cheerful rot and he does it by the yard.
And the public reads his cheerful screeds and the editor shouts: "Hooray!"
This is the ruck of the garden truck—the trend of the cheerful lay:*

I.

Suppose that everything goes wrong,
Don't you care!
If the road is thorny and rough and long,
Don't you care!
Don't worry about the mud and grime,
Soon there'll come a happier time
(You've read a million like this rhyme—
Don't you care?)

II.

Nebbah min' trouble,
Care's gwine away,
Look up in de sunshine,
Worryin' don' pay.

Cheer up, all mah breveren,
Twel de bettah day,
Look up in de sunshine,
Worryin' don' pay.

III.

If your spirit is discouraged with the troubles of this life,
And your heart is sad and heavy with the battle and the strife,
What's the use to fret and worry or your lot to vainly * curse!
There are lots of people burdened with some troubles that are worse.

If you think your luck's against you and that everything is wrong,
Just forget your futile fretting and just sing a little song.
(Oh, I wish that I had naught to do but write this kind of verse!
There are lots of people burdened with some troubles that are worse.)



BOORISH DISCOURTESY.

WALL STREET FINANCIER.—I say!—see here!—stop!—don't you recognize the profession?

*Oh, that is the way of the cheerful lay as chirped by the sunshine bard,
He writes a lot of that cheerful rot, and he does it by the yard;
And the public reads his cheerful screeds and the editor shouts: "Hooray!"
Yet that is the ruck of the garden truck—the trend of the cheerful lay.*

Franklin P. Adams.

* Split infinitive sanctioned by cheerful poet's license 268.

THE OTHER END OF IT.

CUSTOMER.—Who is that lady your clerks are treating with so much deference?

BOOKSELLER.—That? Oh, that's Mrs. Laytest. She is one of our six best buyers.

AS THE ROMANS DID.

MANAGER OF THE ROME NINE.—How about the game to-morrow?

AUGUR (*aside*).—What's the private advices from the All-Etrurias?

THE HOSTAGE FROM GAUL.—There has been the grand shake-up and Bason Ballikrates, the Greek, goes in the box. His pitching is of a wildness.

AUGUR.—The auspices are favorable, Pains Bacchus Salarius.

SOUND AND SENSE.

A ONE-LEGGED tramp stepped into the shop of an honest cobbler. "Cobbler," said he, "have you got an odd right you can sell me?"

"No," replied the cobbler; "I have nothing but a pair which a man left here to be half-soled."

"Did he say which half?"

"That he didn't."

"Very well. If you sell me the right shoe, the pair will be half-sold, I shall be suited, and the man can not complain."

The cobbler readily assented. "Your logic appears to be without flaw," he said, "and since this is the age of reason, who am I to stand out against a rational argument?"

Moral: The sound carries conviction, oftener than the sense.



THE TRAINED RUNABOUT.

A "MIRACULOUS MARVEL" THAT IS ABOUT DUE.

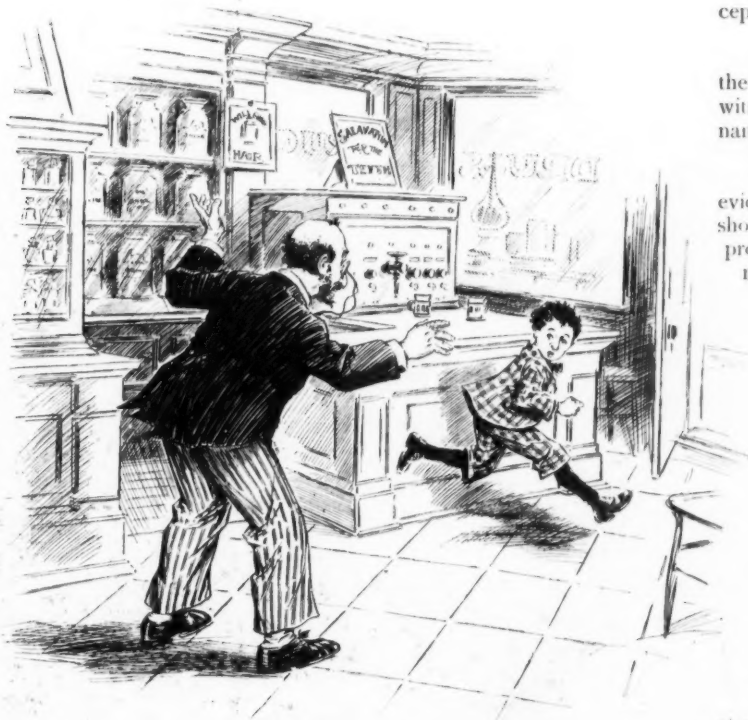


"WELCOME, BROTHER!"

THE ART OF EXAMINATION.

SUGGESTED BY A POPULAR MURDER TRIAL.

BY THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY. "What is your name, please?"
 "I object, this witness cannot possibly remember what she was christened, and the family bible would be the best evidence."
 "I withdraw the question. What are you commonly called?"
 Objected to on the ground that it is not shown that the witness is an expert on "common callings."



ANOTHER COSTLY MISTAKE.

ISAACS, THE DRUGGIST. — Sufferin' Rachel! Izzy, hurry after dot man who shust left der store! I haf made a terrible mistake!
 IZZY — Oh, fader! Did you gif him poison?
 ISAACS. — Vorse, mine son! He only wantet fife vun-cent stamps undt I gif him fife twos!

"I will change the form of the question—what name are you known by?"

Objection on the ground that it is hearsay, that it is immaterial; not original evidence, and that no foundation has been laid for it by showing that the witness has any name.

Objection sustained. Exception.

"Have you a name?"

"Yes."

"What is it?" Same objections.

After argument, question allowed. Exception.

"My name is Mrs. Mary Smith."

Request to expunge the answer from the record because it is not shown that the witness is married, nor that her husband's name is Mary Smith. Answer stricken out.

"Are you married?"

Objected to as secondary and parol evidence, on the ground that it has not been shown that the marriage certificate cannot be produced, and is immaterial, as the question of marriage is not involved. Objection sustained.

"Have you been known by any other name than Mrs. Mary Smith?"

Objected to as leading. Defendant's counsel asked to be heard on this matter, but the question was allowed—he seemed much elated.

The witness then answers, "Yes, Mary Jones."

Defendant's counsel moved to strike out the last part of the answer on the ground that it was not responsive. Motion granted.

"When did you assume the name of Mrs. Mary Smith?"

Objected to by defendant's counsel on the ground that the answer may tend to humiliate the witness. Question allowed.

"In eighteen hundred and umph, when I was married."

By the court—"One moment, you may say, if that was the case, that it was when you went to live with Mr. Smith."

The witness: "Yes, that was it."

"How old are you?"

Objected to on the ground that it is not shown that she is old at all. Objection sustained.

"Are you more than 21 years of age?"

"Yes."

"Do you consider that your 21st year began at your 21st birthday or ended on it?"

Counsel objected to this as immaterial and incompetent.

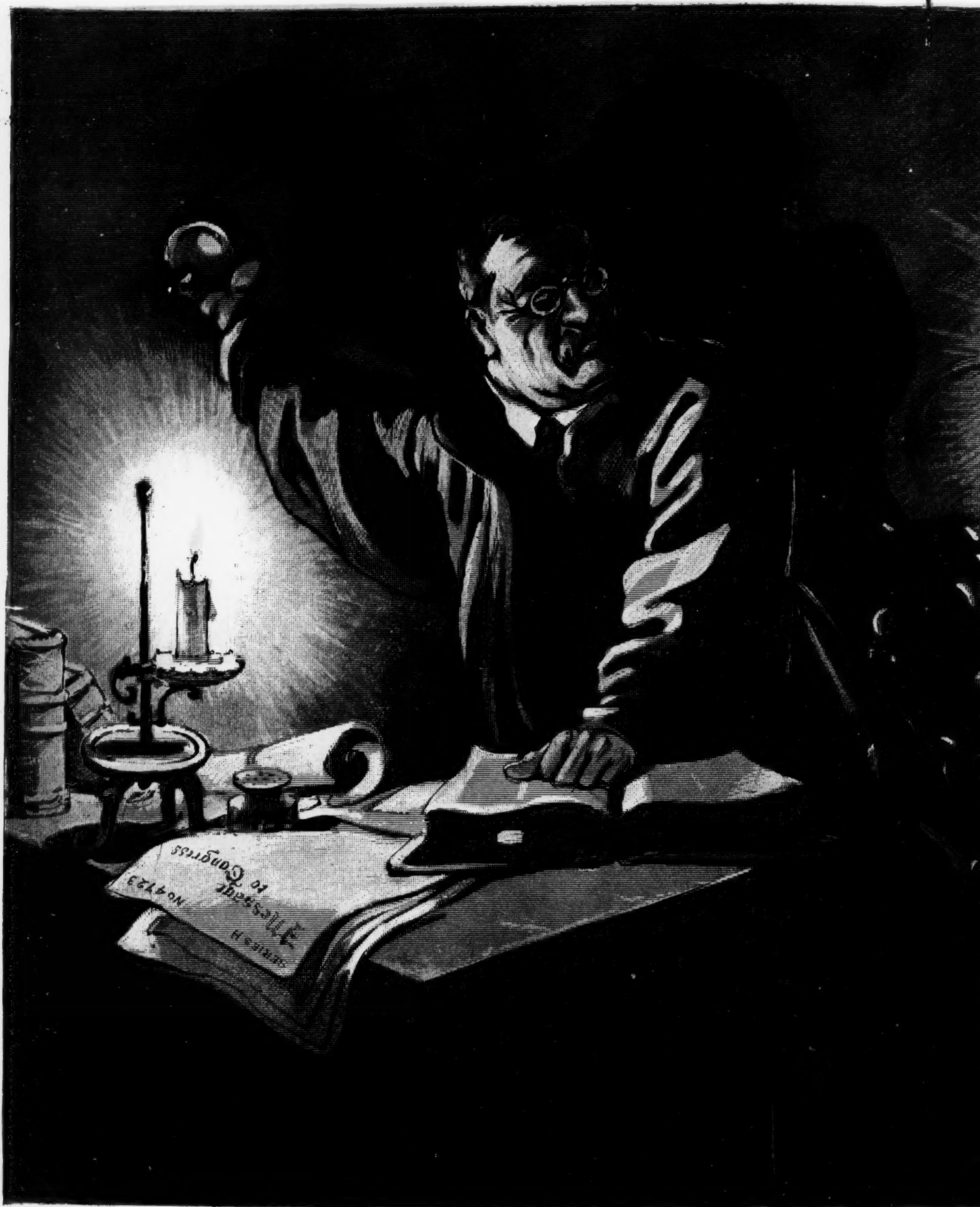
The remainder of the day was consumed in a bitter wrangle between counsel as to this question.

Bolton Hall.



CUPID'S SETTING.

A pessimist is a person who chews his pills.



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BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.



SUSPICIOUSLY NEW.

MRS. COLDSTREAM.—Would you like a glass of water?
THE CONSERVATIVE CONSUMER.—Not much! None o' dese new fangled drinks fer me!

HELL.

COME to think of it, this is an elastic word. It is perhaps one of the most elastic in the currency of speech.

Taken in its figurative sense, which, now-a-days, is its chief sense, it may mean various things. For example:

The similes "hot as hell" and "cold as hell." The first, by reason of our religious training, seems apt enough and is wholly understandable. But the other, for the same

reason, naturally requires more than mere poetic license to convince even the highly imaginative. Nevertheless, in the latent and subtle understanding of the American vernacular, it is quite as forceful as the former.

And then the kindred expressions, "mean as hell," "ugly as hell," "hard as hell," etc., are typical.

Again, in its frequent use to modify the solemnity of interjections, we have first the plain, blunt, bare word, "hell!" Which may be construed as a form of pleasantry, or the opposite, according to the inflection given it in the utterance.

Following is "Oh, hell!" In the present vogue a clever and whimsical retort of some popularity.

"The hell you say," "what in the hell," or more commonly, "what in hell" and "what't'ell;" "how in the hell," "who in the hell," "where in the hell," are other examples of the familiar usage of the word, as also are "a hell of a time," "hell of a place," "hell of a fix," "hell of a fellow," "hell of a deal," "this is hell," etc.

It should be noted, however, that such expressions do not necessarily imply a profane feeling on the part of those addicted to using them casually. They may be taken more generally as an easy method of emphasis.

The few examples adduced seem to show that hell has not only become a by-word, but that the loose and indiscriminate use of the name has tended to strip it of the disagreeable impressiveness with which it was vested by our orthodox ancestors.

Such a use of the word is indicative of a grim, almost sardonic disregard for the traditions formerly held sacred to the seat of endless torment.

The devil himself could not have devised a surer means of minimizing belief in and fear of the place he is supposed to preside over, and which is said to have all the modern appliances for giving his guests — hell.

James Ravenscroft.

NOT A SERIOUS OBJECTION.

"BUT," said the rich widow, "I am almost old enough to be your mother."

"Oh, never mind that," replied the young man. "My mode of life after we are married will probably cause me to age very fast."

"WHO lives in that splendid mansion with the broad drives leading up to it?"

"That's the home of Dubbkins. He has an income of sixty-thousand dollars a year from a farce comedy that he wrote in two weeks."

"Great! By the way, who was that seedy-looking fellow who called you aside a minute ago?"

"That was Professor Holtsworth. He wanted to borrow a quarter. Poor devil. You must remember him. He is the man whose great poetic drama was so highly praised by the critics a year or two ago."

THE LIMIT.

HE COULD live on 90 cents a week,
And dwelt upon this, in a book;
But he couldn't live on any less,
No, not by hook, nor yet by crook;
And dwelt on this, without avail —
Then sociology forsook.

THE PLAINT OF A ROMAN MATRON.

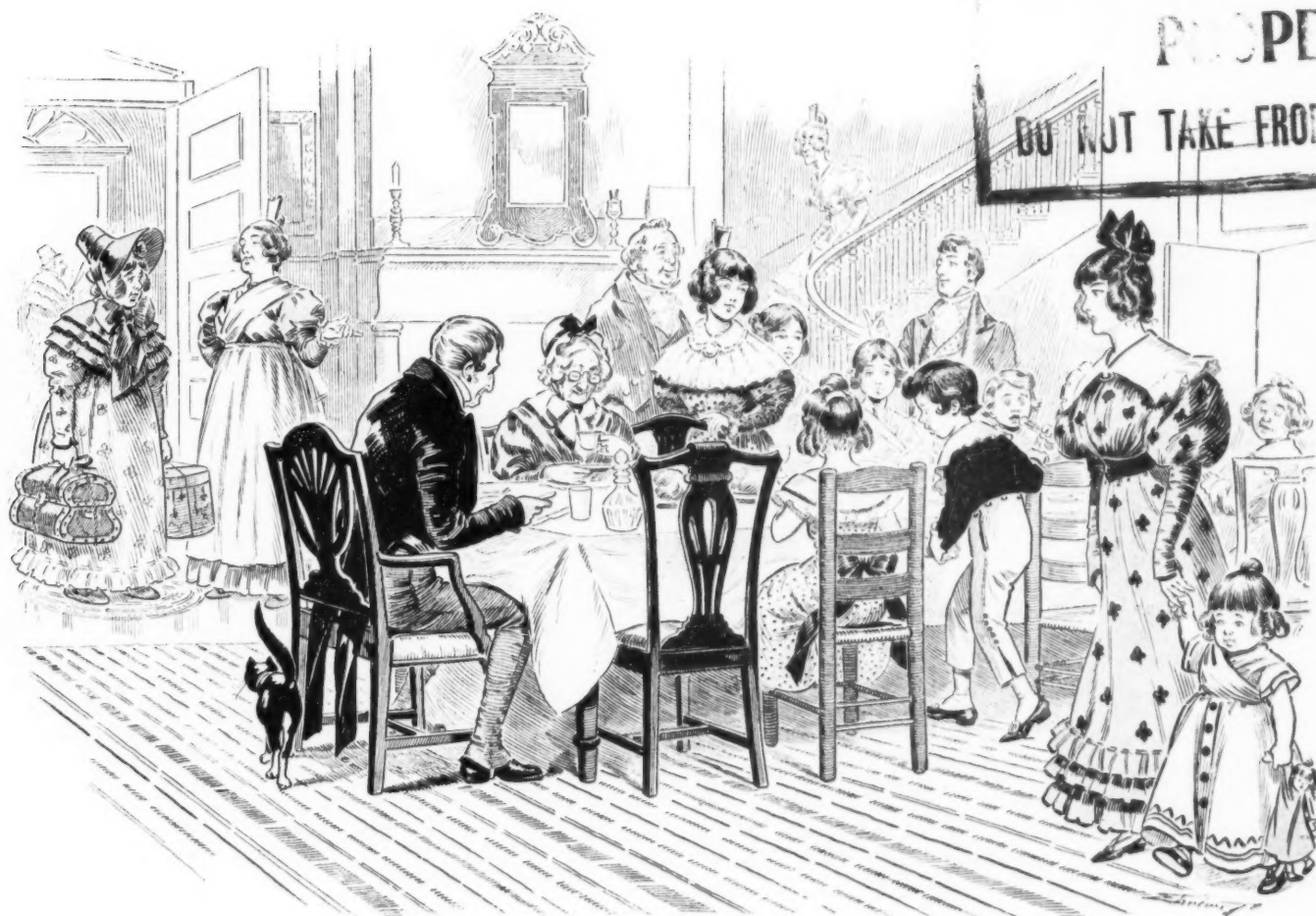
CÆSAR had come home late from the Lupercal, after thrice refusing a kingly crown.

"If that isn't just like you!" exclaimed Calphurnia, bursting into tears. "Think of nobody but yourself, — and the only bonnet I've got not fit to be seen in, and you know it."

Whereat Cæsar was so cut up that he went out and divided Gaul into three parts, just to get even.



AN IMPETUOUS FLIRTATION.



BEFORE THE DAYS OF RACE SUICIDE.

HOUSEWIFE OF 1830 (to her new hired girl).—Yes, Eliza, you will find it a nice, easy place. My brother, the Captain, is away at sea, and my two oldest boys are at boarding school, so you'll have to cook and wash for only fifteen.

MY FIANCÉE.



HE SMILES! It seems the world's decree
That I should cease repining;
Each bird has anthems new to me,
Each cloud a silver lining.

She laughs! The very heavens seem
Transported here below,
And life's a sweet Utopian dream
That dissipates my woe.

She weeps! The door of joy is shut
And darkness reigns supreme;
The sunlight falls on others but
I'm far outside its gleam.

She sings! My very heart turns stone—
Perhaps you've heard her sing?
I softly leave her all alone—
I can't stand everything.

Charles E. Nettleton.

PRODIGIOUS.

"Do you know a man got up and offered me his seat on the train this morning!"
"Well, my dear girl, I don't see as that was such a prodigy of urbanity?"
"Not of urbanity, perhaps, but of suburbanity! Think of it!"

MERELY A FABLE.

A FROG and a cow stood together by the side of a mill-pond.
"Do you think?" asked the frog, "that by expanding the air in my system I could attain your dimensions?"
The cow chewed her cud, reflectively.
"It's an Hypothetical Question," she replied.

"Well, you'll admit that Hot Air expands indefinitely! You also know that the epidermis will stretch a mile before it tears an inch! Now, if I take a large mouthful of air, and hold my breath, won't the heat of my body expand the air and stretch my cuticle until I am as large as you?"

"I can't say," replied the Cow.
"Frame it differently."

The Frog drew in a long breath and closed his mouth. Slowly his body bulged out. A passing Flea buzzed an objection. With a loud report the Frog exploded.

Moral: Even the Smallest Brain is subject to Storm.

Powell Thurston Manning.



THE REASON.

SHEA.—How long have you been sick?

RYAN.—Five days.

SHEA.—Glory be! An' why don't ye git a doctor?

RYAN.—Shure, I got to go to wur-ruk Monday mornin'!

Marriage is the dawn of life or its night—just as you make it.

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CAUTIONS.

Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And mind you pull up at the right house, and look out for those dreadful railway vans.

Never fear, sir; I'll do my best. And which 'orspital would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?—*London Tit-Bits.*

PROMISES AND NOTHING MORE.

He promised he'd return the lock of hair
She'd given him in those sweet days before her
Love cooled. 'Twas but a promise, ending there,
Like that of any other hair-restorer.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

TWO TRUTHS.

"No servant," says the ponderous man, "can serve two masters."

"I agree with you," says the man with the movable ears. "And I hold it true, also, that no woman can boss one servant."—*Chicago Post.*

BURTON regards Roosevelt as an absolute monarch, who can make courts, juries and Attorney Generals, send an unoffending man to prison for traversing the imperial will. Some people do feel that way when the halter draws; but the question which the theory will evoke from many is by what neglect of duty the President leaves a large number of the other Senators still at large.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*



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best American
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best champagne"

BUT few men are able to appreciate justice when they get it. — *Chicago Daily News.*

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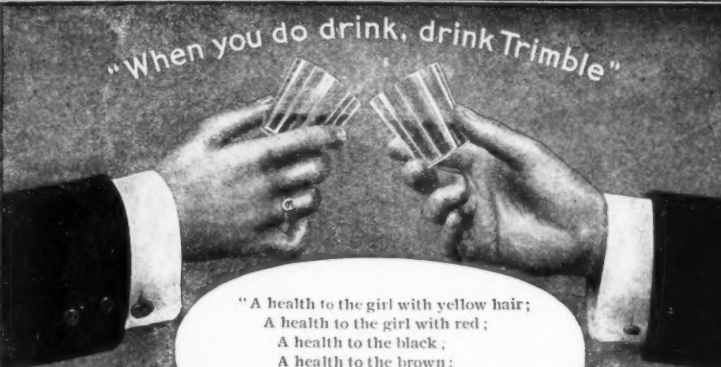
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A health to the girl with red;
A health to the black;
A health to the brown;
But a deeper draught than all,
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CROWDED OUT.

HICKS.—I dropped around to see the Fitz Kloses in their flat last night, but I couldn't get in.

WICKS.—Not at home, eh?

HICKS.—Yes, they were all at home; that was the trouble.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

An Ohio woman has a nervous affliction which causes her to laugh convulsively all the time, but it is not believed that she contracted it by attending performances of musical comedies.—*Washington Post.*



THAT'S ALL.

RURAL PARSON.—What! Smoking again, Simpson? I thought you resolved to give up tobacco.

SIMPSON.—So I have, Parson. I just sorter hold m' pipe in m' hand an' puff on it now an' again, just to keep it agoin'.

The day after, you need Abbott's Bitters. Braces the nerves; sustains you throughout the day and makes you feel bright and cheerful. At druggists.

LETHARGIC.

Opportunity was observed to be pounding the door with a club.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Fortune. "Isn't an ordinary knock sufficient to arouse them?"

Opportunity smiled. "Not here," she replied. "This is Philadelphia."—*Chicago Daily News.*

A REVERSAL OF FORM.

They're here the bookies and the touts,
The horses and the jockies gay,
Once more, with hope that knows no doubts,

The merry gamester wends his way
Unto the track, there to bestow
His wealth on men he doesn't know.

He holds on tight to every cent

When forth he goes a-marketing,
He cavils when he pays his rent,
But when he strikes the betting ring

His coin most generously doth flow—
Now, who can tell why this is so?

—*Washington Star.*

FOR LOCAL COLOR.

FRIEND.—Why do you sit there with the faucet running all the time?

POET.—Well, you see, I am writing an ode to Niagara Falls! —*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

THERE are times when words fail a man—but if he has a wife it doesn't matter much.—*Chicago Daily News.*

BLUE TOP

PERRIER

JOUËT

BRUT

CHAMPAGNE

U.S. AGENTS
JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD.
39 BROADWAY, N.Y.
ARTHUR J. BILLIN, U.S. MANAGER.

UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

Behold a prisoner sad and bent,
A victim of law's fury.
Of any crime he's innocent,
They've got him on the jury.

—*Washington Star.*

SAVED.

"I suppose you have had some wonderful experiences during your career?" interrogated the visitor.

"Yes," replied the medium, as she tapped on the black cabinet, "a great many. Once I was lost in the great Sahara desert for ten days. The tropical sun blazed down like molten metal, and yet I survived."

"And how did you do it?"

"Why, I produced a shade." —*Chicago Daily News.*

THE CODE IN FRANCE.

"Pouf!" exclaimed the French Deputy.

"To your 'pouf' I respond 'bah!'" hotly rejoined the one who had been interrupted.

Of course, a duel was inevitable then.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

TRADE MARK

LUCKY STRIKE

FRAGRANT AND DELICIOUS

Does not Bite the Tongue


Few tobaccos suit all tastes. The one that can, most justly, lay claim to that distinction—being an exquisite blend of choice flavors, is the famous

LUCKY STRIKE
Silced Plug Pipe Tobacco

Cured by a secret process—it does not bite the tongue. Burns well, gives a long, cool, sweet smoke, without waste.

Pocket size, tin box, 10c.

You Will Find it Everywhere



Buy a Box Today

MEKE OPINION.

Envy is its own punishment.

A critic with a healthy liver is a joy forever.

Women are always suspicious of a woman who doesn't talk much.

One great trouble with self-esteem is that it is not provided with a brake.

Few men would go to the bad if we could all be continually running for office.

Heaven would be more attractive than it is to woman if she could take a few trunks along.

This would be a glorious world if every man would act upon it the moment he had a good impulse.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

He knew a dozen languages

And that is much too many—

He talks in every one of them

And doesn't think in any.

—*Chicago Post.*

GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE
HEATNESS, AND COMFORT
WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD
The Name is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip*

CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ALWAYS EASY



BEST LINE TO CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS — NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.



Their flavor is so distinctive and original that Murad Cigarettes have no rival in the appreciation of critical smokers.

MURAD CIGARETTES

represent the most skillful blending of the finest Turkish leaf. So pronounced is their superiority that they are acknowledged to be

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York


FIVE "plain-clothes" policemen of New York are in jail for extortion. They seem to need striped uniforms.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

An armless couple were recently married in Ohio. They have no intention of going through life hand in hand.—*Chicago Daily News*.

A DAKOTA man, aged sixty, has married a girl of twenty, while his son married the girl's mother, aged forty-four. People with nothing else to do can now busy themselves with this latest relationship puzzle.—*Washington Post*.

BALDER.—Slowboy says if he'd had your opportunities he'd have been a rich man, too.

BONDS.—He did have the opportunities—but he never saw them.—*Detroit Free Press*.



for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 27 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

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West Haven, Conn.	Portland, Me.	Cor. Cass & 25th Sts.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Richmond, Va.
Washington, D. C.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	North Conway, N. H.	812 N. Broad St.	Toronto, Ont., Canada.
241 N. Capitol St.	265 So. College Ave.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Harrisburg, Pa.	London, England.

TURN ABOUT.
 Ere long we'll greet the month of May,
 When, with enjoyment unconcealed,
 The coalman takes a holiday
 And lets the iceman have the field.
 —*Washington Star*.

HIS IDEA OF IT.
 "Have you any fixed idea of heaven?"
 "Yes. I think it probably is a place where a man who was bossed by his parents first."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

HOW IT HAPPENED.
 GREEN.—I was the victim of a lynching party in Arizona once.
 BROWN.—You don't say?
 GREEN.—Fact. I married the widow of a man who was strung up for horse-stealing.—*Chicago Daily News*.

A FUTURE.
 "Has Panama a future?"
 "I should say so," answered the investigator. "All it needs is a hotel and a bathing beach to be one of the world's greatest resorts for tourists."—*Washington Star*.

WHILE the Boston soul is reported to weigh only an ounce, it is thought that the Boston intellect would have to be weighed on the hay scales.—*Washington Post*.

MOTHER.—Did you children have a good time while I was shopping?
 LITTLE NELLIE.—Yessum.
 MOTHER.—What did you do, dear?
 LITTLE NELLIE.—Oh, we quarreled all the time and there wasn't anybody here to stop us.—*Detroit Free Press*.



Easy Tying Cravats

It is almost impossible to tie a poor Cravat and obtain a graceful and effective knot. The fault lies not alone in the fabric, but also in the shape of the Cravat.

KEISER CRAVATS

overcome these faults. Being made of the better cravat silks, with neckbands and ends properly proportioned, Keiser Cravats almost tie themselves—they slip into shape so easily. Keiser Cravats bear the guarantee label—look for it.

Keiser-Barathea staples in black, white, plain colors and figures—also white or black for evening dress.

An illustrated book—"The Cravat"—on the ethics of Correct Dress, sent anywhere on receipt of 6c in stamps.

JAMES R. KEISER,
 WHOLESALE ONLY
 10-16 W. 20th St., New York.

WHEN a woman forgets an injury she keeps forgetting that she has forgotten it.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE great trouble with these two-act dramas is that most men are used to getting at least three drinks during a play.—*Washington Post*.



A WESTERN PRECAUTION.

HIRAM STAMPOUGH (just arrived in the metropolis).—Git lost in New York? Oh, I guess not. I hain't fit Dakoty blizzards fifteen year fer nuthin'. Take another half-hitch 'round Mother, Bill, an' then we'll start.

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.



there's
something
good.

It doesn't require the skill
of a connoisseur to see why
Evans' is the ale to-day.

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Brewers, Maltsters, and Bottlers.
Established 1786.



By careful saving for the last year
and a half, a young man in Somerville
has just acquired a suit of evening
clothes. Now he is waiting for an
invitation.—*Somerville Journal*.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER for After Shaving.

Insist that your barber uses Mennen's
Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is
Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the
many skin diseases often contracted.
A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing
and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all
odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold
everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

"STONE WALLS do not a prison
make," quoted former Senator Burton.
Still, they seem to hold a good many
people who are not permitted to roam
at large.—*Washington Post*.

GARDEN TIME.

It's time to spade the garden now,
The soil's begun to crack.
So shed your coat, and pitch right in,
And never mind your back!
Turn up the mold, and pat it down,
And rake it smooth and fine.
Push in the fork eight inches deep,
And never mind your spine!

Start in at seven, and work till six,
The old ten-hour day.
In gardening, there's nothing like
The good old-fashioned way.
Start with the sun, when he the world
From slothful slumber wakes,
And keep it up till he goes down,
And never mind the aches!

It's healthful exercise that makes
The sweat drop from your brow.
Think of the happy harvest time,—
What if your back aches now!
What though it seems as if your head
With rush of blood would burst!
Spade up the soil; get in the seeds,
And plant your sweet peas first!

—*Somerville Journal*.

NOT UNPROFESSIONAL.

"Scoundrel!" hissed the head
grafter to the pal who had betrayed
him. "You didn't stay bought."

"Excuse me," responded the other,
haughtily; "I was not bought. That
deal with you was a mere lease. No
man could buy me at the figure." —
Philadelphia Ledger.

HAIR STATISTICS.

MR. BACON.—I see that some statis-
tician has discovered that the average
woman carries forty to sixty miles of
hair on her head.

BACON.—He ought to have gone a
little further and stated that about a
quarter of a mile of it is her own. —
Yonkers Statesman.

WIRY beards and delicate skins usually
go together. The rich, creamy, emol-
lient lather of

Williams' Shaving Soap

makes their separation easy and pleasant
and leaves the face soft and healthful.

"The only kind that won't
smart or dry on the face."

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold
everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams'
Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap,
trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.) Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Department A, GLASTONBURY, CONN.



Ask your druggist for
Williams' Jersey Cream
Toilet Soap, Williams'
Talcum Powder and Toilet
Waters.

Comfort for Men
WASHBURN
Patent Improved
FASTENERS
With the
BULL-DOG GRIP
Resists all
Key Chains - 25c
Scarf Holders - 10c
Cuff Holders - 20c
Bachelor Buttons - 10c
Sold everywhere or sent
postpaid, Catalog free.
AMERICAN RING CO.
Dept. 10, Waterbury, Conn.

HER PROMISE.

"Will you be a mother to my chil-
dren?" asked the rich old widower.
"Yes, dear," the beautiful young
woman replied.

"And you will not be jealous if I
sometimes caress them?"

"Not in the least. It will be a wel-
come relief—or, I mean, it will make
me think all the more of you to see
you exhibiting affection for them." —
Chicago Record-Herald.

SUNDAY AT THE DRUGGISTS.

"Any stamps?" she asked as she en-
tered the drug store.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the proprietor.

"Let me have a two-cent stamp,
please."

"Got a prescription? It's Sunday,
and we can't sell you a stamp without
a prescription, ma'am." — *Yonkers
Statesman*.

PETER'S

"GALA PETER"

D. PETER
INVENTOR
VEVEY
SWITZERLAND

PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL
MILK-CHOCOLATE

THE ORIGINAL MILK CHOCOLATE

"PETER'S" at the PINNACLE!

Highest in Public Opinion—Because in the highest degree
Pure, sustaining, satisfying and

"Irresistibly Delicious"

It never varies from the highest standard of quality, and
you never grow tired of

"GALA = PETER"

The World's Favorite Chocolate

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Importers, 78 Hudson St., New York



PRIDE.

UP-TO-DATE DAUGHTER.—Oh, Ma, there's Mr. Quickpile, who
made a fortune in the market. And last week he was a poor man!

OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.—Umph! Too proud to carry a basket
when he does his marketing now, I suppose.

THE surest way to
get literary recog-
nition in France is to
commit suicide. But
if some of the poets
and authors only
had, in life, the cash

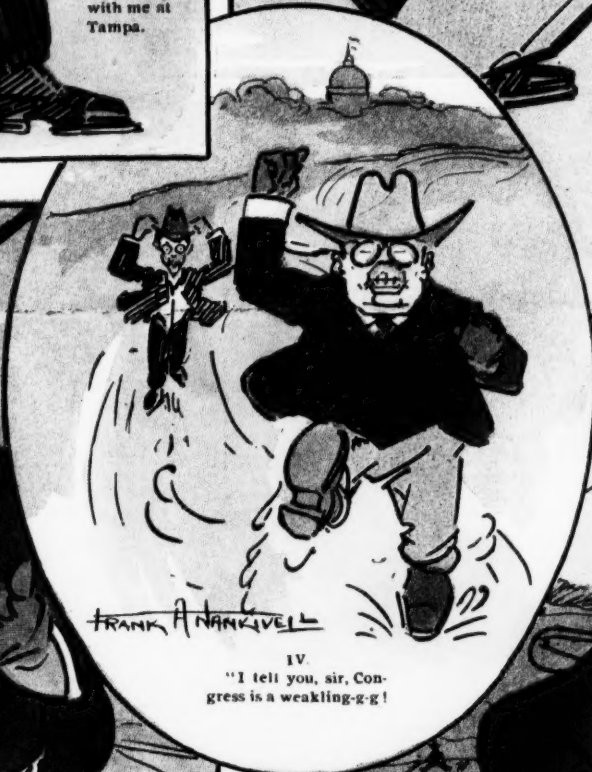
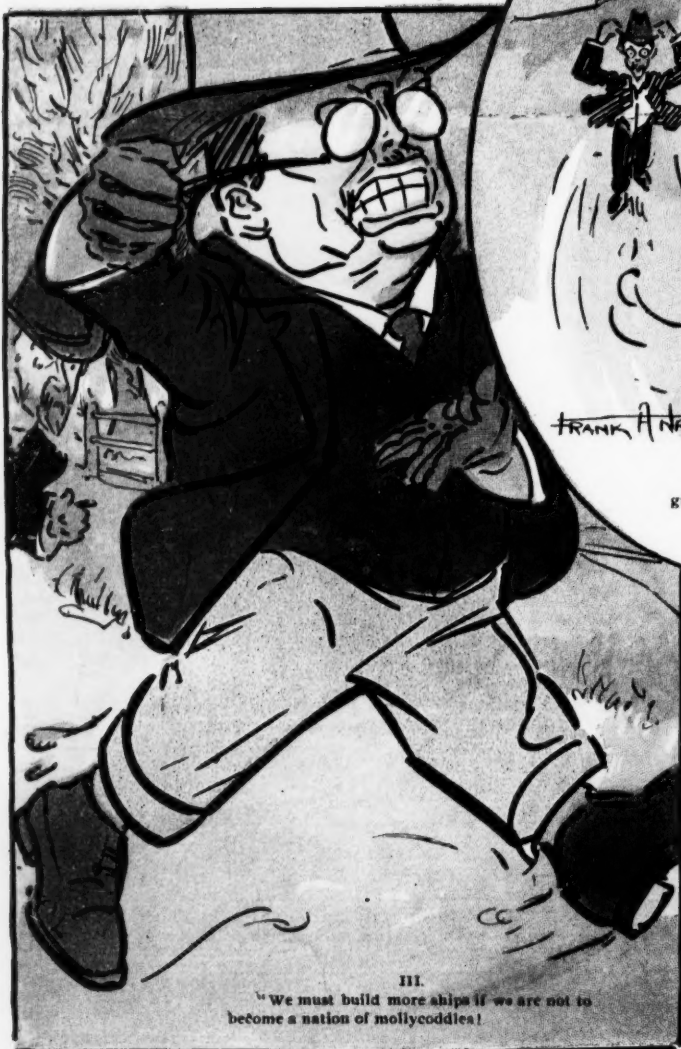
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"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

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EVELYN NESBIT THAW cards sent
FREE to anyone sending 10 cents for
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devoted to their
monuments, they
could start a marble
yard and make monu-
ments for their ene-
mies.—*Atlanta Con-
stitution*.

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Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



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AN AFTERNOON'S WALK WITH THE PRESIDENT.